

Marion, Iowa, Mar. 4, 1891.

My Dear Judge:-

Thanks for a copy of the paper giving your views on the New York governorship. I am glad you are still hammering away at "the Machine". I doubt not that the public conscience is quickened by such articles.

When I was leaving your place for the train, you kindly loaned me three little volumes to ~~read~~ read on the way. I am sorry that I have not returned them sooner. I placed them on a shelf and they have remained there

till now. I return them
by mail to-day. I enjoyed
them and thank you for
them.

I have seen no notices
of your lecturing this
winter. Perhaps you are
treating yourself to a much
needed rest. I am not so
sure, however, that your
remaining at home
is any indication of
rest. I am quite sure
that your pen is too
active and is employed
too many hours. "Give us
a rest." More hours on the
lake in season and
more hours behind those
fiery steeds would be better.
I sincerely trust that you
have regained your health.
You are always interested
in language and I must

tell you an incident related to me by a friend. My friend was a teacher some years in Roberts College, Asia. The boys were taught English along with the other instruction. They used a selection of our most prominent hymns translated into their native tongue, the old tunes being retained. One of the hymns became very familiar to them. One day the teacher thought he would give this hymn to the class to be translated into English. The hymn was: "I was a wandering sheep" etc. A boy puzzled his brain over it for a time and then gave

this translation: "I was
a mised mutton."

My work goes on much
as ever.

Very cordially,

M. N. Gist.